

*The History of*

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poin.* Downe fell his hofe.

*Fal.* Began to giu me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the cleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! cleuen buckrom men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpeable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horsen obscene greasie tallow catch,

*Fal.* What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saiest thou to this?

*Poin.* Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prellen, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

*Poi.* Marke, lacke.

*Pri.* Wetwo, saw you foure, set on foure, & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

*Henry the fourth.*

word, outface't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house. & Falstaffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & still run & roare, as euer I heard bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast don? & then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come lets heare, lacke what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kil the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, & thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, al the titles of good fellowship come to you. What shall we be merrie, shall wee haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, & the argument shal be, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal, & thou loust me. *Enter hostesse.*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he saies, he comes from your father,

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and send him back againe to my mother,

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, lacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you wil not touch the true Prince, no sic.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.